

B., Violet Earle

March 2, 1931

(Riverdale, Bx, NY)

Dash Place
Riverdale, N.Y.
March 2, 1931

Dear Woodie:

Thanks a lot for your note. Yes, I was sorry about it, too. But no bones are broken. It was Spen's "funeral" anyway, not yours!

How are you all? Is Mrs. Wood ever up this way? I wish she would come along to tea some day for I would love to show her our little home here. We both adore it. And really we are not so far off themap as most people think - only just ten minutes' walk from Van Cortlandt St. subway station.

Excuse this being typed - and jolly hurriedly, too, for I am "touching" all my friends for a quarter up. Now if you hadn't written I should never have mentioned it - but now I will, so see what you get for your pains!!!

These are the facts, that you can promptly forget, if you wish. Olive is raffling some of her pictures - and they are nice "fishy" pictures, you know. She has a desperately-in-need family on her hands and has been an absolute brick in helping them all she can; and now this family of husband, wife with T.B., three kiddies and old mother are just all in, for the wife hasn't long to live and we are collecting to move the whole family North where she may be able to last longer. This takes \$200, which of course is a huge amount to collect, so Olive conceived the idea of raffling some of her pictures and using the money for this purpose. We and her friends have been helping out since November. The man and family are of good family, but he simply cannot obtain more than an odd day of work, here and there. The case is really desperate. And while I know that everyone these days is giving, giving and giving, we thought that perhaps a few folk would help us by taking a chance in a raffle. 25 cents upwards!!! Everyone (we know) would be sufficiently sporting not to mind who wins the pictures, whether they have given 25 cents or ten dollars. See the idea? As I say, you can glance over this paragraph and forget it. But if the idea appeals to you of having goldfish, devil fish, sea horses or haddocks swimming on your walls, let me know, and I'll enter your name. By the way, Olive literally picked this man up in the street; he was starving and coatless on a particularly piercingly cold day. Their cause is particularly worth while and it really has proved a privilege to be able to help a family so fine. Selah!

My greetings to Mrs. Bronson; shall hope to see her up here too sometime.

*I am ashamed to
send so hasty a letter
but I am sure that
you will understand -*

Cheerio.

T. E. B.